'GENE FIELD'S"PRIMER"

TRUE HISTORY OF A BOOK THAT IS NOW YERY RARE.

The Skits Were First Printed in the Denver Tribune-Were Afterwards Collected and Published in a Book Never Copyrighted.

The following story of 'Gene Field's "Primer," as told by Luther S. Livingston in the Christmas number of the Bookman. and which is published by permission of the editor, Mr. Harry Thurston Peck, will prove of special interest to readers of

Eugene Field, during the autumn of 1881. while managing editor of the Denver Tri-bune, wrote and had printed in that paper a series of little skits of a tew lines each, with short sentences, and with capital let-



Every morning to make his Neck sure. It books netty Sharp, Braw it arross your Pineses and Make Dull. You could Cut your Name on the Mantel-sees with the Razor if you Were to Try. A Razor is Handy Thing to have in a House where there are

reading, printed in children's primers. But

reading, printed in children's primers. But, unlike the little stories in the school books, which teach a moral lesson, these do exactly the opposite, and describe comical situations brought about by the naughty boy doing what he would like to do, and not what he ought to do. The specimens presented below will show the character of these little sketches.

In 1822 a collection of ninety-four of these sketches was "rinted, forming a small pamphlet of forty-eight pages, exclusive of the cover. It was an eighteen-mo., five and seven-eighths inches by four inches in size, and was issued in pink paper covers. Its title was the Tribune Primer, and it was the second in a short-lived series (only two numbers were issued) called the Tribune Series; the first being an essay on Robert G. Ingersoll, by O. H. Rothacker, the editor-in-chief of the paper. This Tribune Primer was Eugene Field's first book. It is one of the rarest of American books of this century, and is, undoubtedly, more valuable than any other book of its size published in America during the last twenty years. It was miserably printed in pale ink by the Denver Publishing Company, whose imprint is on the verso of the title page, and it was dediishing Company, whose imprint is on the erso of the title page, and it was dedi-

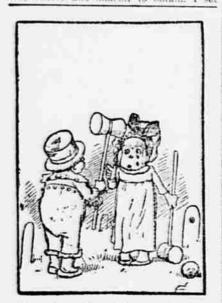


Here we Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald lead and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes Rest while the other runs the Shop. One of Them a saways on Deck air of the Time. The Baby is a kigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk round with his Pather at Night. The Pather does does of the Walking and all of the Swaring. Little higher was the Shop when the Swaring.

cated to Robert J. Burdette. The running bendline is "Denver Primer." The little sketches are not numbered, but each has a short title above it. On the third page of the cover is an advertisment of the Denver Tribune, ending with the injunction. "send for sample copy." The second and fourth pages of the cover are blank. As the separate issues of the newspapers were not copyrighted, of course, the primer could not be.

We say that it was insued in 1882 That, at least, is the date on the title page, but it is probuble that it really appeared during the last days of 1881. During November the paper carried an advertisment that the Primer would be ready for the trade on December 1. In the first number for December, it is stated that the publication had been delayed, and that it would be issued December 18, which is, perhaps, the approximate date of publication. Several of the little stories appeared in the number for December 18, which is, perhaps, the approximate date of publication. Several of the little stories appeared in the number for December 11, but none of them is included in the Primer.

The following is Mr. Francis Wilson's account of the difficulties he met with in trying to obtain a copy of the Tribune Primer. The reproductions used here are through his courtiesy made from his copy. "Confident of the ascendance of Fields 51ar, and believing that sconer or mater his publications."



Here we have a Game of Croquet. Henry has just Hit Nellie with a Mallet, and Nellie is calling Henry maughty Names. Their Mother is not Much of a Croquet player, but in a minute she will Come out and Beat them Both.

have fun with you, and he bia-a-ted the whole business to Miller, who intends to dunt up the Primer owner the next time or goes West. E. F., January H. 1895." The joy of receiving from a very dear



a Cock Bouch. He is Big, Black and Ugly,

friend at Christmas, 1895, a copy of this rare little book, was tempered by the thought that Field could not know of its acquisition. He had been dead but a few acquisition. He had been dead but a few weeks."

The same year, 1882, Frederic Tredwell of Brooklyn, son of Mr. Daniel Tredwell, author of "A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books," and several other works, brought out twenty of Field's little sketches—eighteen of those included in the Tribune Primer and two additional ones—under the title "The Model Primer," In this book the sketches are printed in large type, each sketch having a page to itself, and with a comical picture on the page facing. These pictures, signed "L. Hop," were by L. Hopkins, a friend of Treiwell's, now, we are informed, living in Sydney, N. S. W., and quite an important personase in that community. He and Tredwell brought out the book together, more as a joke than anything else.

The "Model Primer" has a page measuring six and one-half inches by five and three-sixteenths mehes, a little larger than that of the Colorado book. It consists of twenty-two leaves, exclusive of cover, and of a blank leaf at front and back, or twenty-six altogether. It was issued in light, salmon-colored paper covers, the first page being printed from the same





verso of the title page, below the copyright notice, is printed "Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company, New York. Otherwise the two editions seem to be letter for letter, and were, apparently, both printed from the same types, which may have been kept standing, if, as the friends of Tredwell insist, no plates were ever made. The first lesue is more crudely printed and on poorer paper, and this alone would distinguish it, if there were no other points of difference.

The sustements of authors regarding their own books are notoriously haccurate and unreliable. Now, with the facts of the two primers before us, let us see what Eugene Field himself said about them. In his "Auto-Analysis," which is said to be a reprint of the circular letter which be had printed to send out to those numerous applicants who plagued him community for information about his past life, his likes and distilkes, and so forth, he says: "My publications have been chromologically as follows: 1. "The Tribune Princy, Denver, 188? (out of print, very scarce), ("The Model Primer," litustrated by Hoppin, Treadway, Brooklyn, 182. A pirate edition."

It a copy of the "Model Primer" owned by a friend of his, he wrote, under date of Angust 7, 1881, two reprint it Grom Mr. Francis Wilson's charming sketch, "The Eugene Field I Knew";

"The Model Primer' is composed of about half the little paragraphs to be found in the "Tribane Primer." Tredwell, the pub-

Hit Neille with a Maliet and Neille is calling Renry maughty Names. Their Mosher is not Mach of a Croquet player, but in a minuse she will Come out and Beat them Both.

off on a long and what proved to be a fruitless, search for a copy of the Denver Tribune Primer. I was hampered by no less a person than Field himself, who, for love of mischlef, threw every possible obstacle in the way. This state of nifairs continued for ten years. Field would send seductive advertisments of dealers from whom the book might be produced, having carefully scisored away the name of the city and street. He ostenuatiously, provokingly, and continuously flaunted his own cony, and otherwise behaved so exasperatingly that at length it became necessary to threaten him with condign numberant unless he surrendered the carticular information which he was at the moment with holding. Field replied as follows:

"Your note of warning came too late.

Miller is already on the trail of the pospessor of the Primer. Way didn't know I had the little paragraphs to be found in that the little paragraphs to be found in the Tridune Primer. Triduce in the Primer was not brother, for I have not nearly from Triducel and the produced it without one with me. I suppose there were no profits with me. I suppose there were no pr

GAMBLER AND A PLANTER.

The Southern Man Had Nerve, but It Failed Him When the Eastern Plunger Put Him to the Test-Twenty-four Negroes Won.

Again he says that the "Model Primer" is composed of about half the little paragraphs to be found in the "Tribune Primer," whereas, in fact, it includes only eighteen out of ninety-four. Giving the name of the artist, Hopkin instead of Hopkins, that of the publisher as Treadway instead of Tredwell, and saying "in the Libble sale" instead of "at Libble's auction rooms are other slipe of the pan.

But the "Model Primer" is not a reprint of the "Denver Primer," and we do not know that Tredwell, the so-called "pirate," ever saw a copy of the Colorado book. On the other hand we are reasonably certain that he did not see a copy, at least not until after he had planned his own edition.

His "Primer" was accidently compiled least not until after he had planned his own edition.

His "Primer" was evidently compiled from the original numbers of the Denver Tribune. As originally published in the newspaper the sketches themselves were without titles, but were numbered in Roman, the series in each issue numbered by fiself, and with the general heading "The Tribune Primer," When collected and brought out in book form the author supplied titles to the sketches separately; in Tredwell's collection they are numbered only. But more conclusive proof is that the "Model Primer" includes two sketches which did appear in the newspaper, and which are not in the "Tribune Primer." These two are No. 1. "The Policoman, and No. VII., "The Fish." The titles, of course, are ours.

The injecty-four sketches in the Derver. The ninety-four sketches in the Denve book appeared in nine issues of the Tri bune, while those in the Brooklyn editio were selected from five numbers only, are selected from five numbers only, tabulation of the dute of issue of the pape and the number of sketches appearing 1 ninety-four sketches in the Denver

ne two	issues of the	"Primer"	may be
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"The Policeman" appeared on December 5 and "The Fish" on November 2!. We hazard an opinion that Tredwell did not receive his Tribune regularly, and that he missed seeing one or more of the issues from which he made no selections—or nerfrom which he made no selections—or perhaps his artist friend did not find them amenable to illustration.

There has been a reprint of the "Tribune Primer" made this year in Sedalla. Mo, which is to be sold "for the benefit of the Eugene Field monument, which it is proposed to raise at columbia, Mo," The publisher of this edition has, as Mr. Wilson said of Tridwell and his "Model Primer," "auductiously copyrighted the whole thing," though all his copyright protects is his "Re-dedication" and his advertisement on the back cover.

THORNTON'S ENTERPRISE. He Asked the Pope to Appoint Him

Trustee of Church Property in the Philippines. From the Chicago Record.

The most audacious enterprise for many

The most andiadous enterprise for many years is that of Amusa Thornton, who went to Rome a few weeks ago and select the pope to appoint him trustee of all the pope to appoint him trustee of all the pope of all the pope trustees and was getting on swimmingly when Arch-bishop Keane arrived in Home and exposed him as an impostor. He has not yet re-turned to New York, but he has had the benefit of a most interesting experience even if he was unable to accomplish his

purpose.

Archbishop Ireland called upon the presi-Archbishop Ireland called upon the president to make an explanation, and found that while he recollected that some one had been there representing himself as a scheme to place its property in the Philippines in the hands of a trustee, very little attention was paid to him, and the matter passed out of the president's mind. He was naturally annoyed at Mr. Thornton's misrepresentations, and promptly disayowed any interest or sympathy for his mission.

He Gave With Pleasure.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of the prominent Eastern delegates in attendance on the recent convention of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. Utold a good story in illustration of the difficulties and disappointments so often encountered in temperance work.

She was out collecting for the cause and had counted on a generous subscription from a well known banker. She went to his banking establishment and met him going into his inner office with both hands full of money.

"I thought this was a remarkably favorable time to engage his attention," she said; "all that money, thousands upon thousands it seemed to me, made the giving of the amount I hoped for seem so easy. Come in, he said, and I followed him into the office. He carefully kild up his stacks of bills in a criss-cross fashion, and then turned to me with an encouraging smile. It was just the sort of self-pleased smile that might be expected from a man who had been handling so much stacked up wealth.

Then I began my story. I made it strong. I painted with the most vivid colors I possessed the needs of our organization. I threw in pathos. I grew cloquent. Then I stopped for breath.

"He was lovingly fingering his pile of wealth while I talked, and the encouraging smile was still on his face.

"Then I asked him for ilmancial aid. His

Then I asked him for ittancial aid. His smile grew still more encouraging.

"I think a lot of good comes from the work your solety is doing, he said. And you all deserve great credit for it. I am glad of the chance to help you along. It is always a pleasure to extend financial aid to worthy objects."

"Thank you so much." I said.

"Not at all, he smillingly answered.

"Then he handed me a quarter."



He-"Was the scance good last night." She-"O, medium."

MEMORABLE CONTEST BETWEEN A

From the New York Sun.
"I was drifting through the South in the Mes." said the former gambier, "and one winter I was living at a town in South Carolina where a lot of card players used to gather for mutual pleasure and profit There was a club in the town where the kept from the female part of the popula tion that it was a gambling house. Al kind of games went on there, but the pres perity of the place was short-lived. house, however, was not closed the winter I was in the town. At the club one night somebody said that Colonel Wallace, the crack poker player of the state, had been fixed to play Pete Welch, one of the big-gest plungers from the East. Pete was coming down the next week, and the sports were all anxious to see what he could do with the colonel, who was a stiff player. The colonel was universally lucky. The cards rolled to him without the asking. and every year his cash accounts showed and every year his cash accounts showed good profits from the game. He owned a valuable plantation not far from the town, and he was noted for having one of the finest bodies or slaves in the South. They made the plantation yield rich returns and there was no need for the colonel to depend on his playing for money, for he was better off than many of the planters who risked their fortunes at the club.

"When the colonel heard that Pete was coming to rake him, he turned his lin and When the colonel heard that Pete was coming to rake him, he turned his lip and said he was not afraid to play Pete on the biggest kind of stakes. If Welch can do me, then all well and good, was the way he put it, but I want you fellows to know that I can play him to a standstill. I have heard much about your swell Eastern gambler, who prides himself on never having been caught on a bluff. Well, we all don't know about that. When he comes I will play him a single-handed game, and you chaps can watch it. I'll say, though, that I'm not extra wealthy this winter and can't lose much stuff. I've sot a limit fixed in my head and when he passes that I'll simply quit, and Welch can take my money and talk all he pleases."

"Welch got in town one Sanday morn-"Welch got in town one Sunday morning. His stage drove to the only noted in the place, and the news of his arrival seen spread through the sporting part of the town. A messenger who came in for Colonel Wallace's mail carried a note back telling of the safe arrival of Welch. Pete sent word to the colonel that he had heard of him, and was anxious for a fight. He asked the colonel when could he play. Not more than an hour after the messenger started with the rote he returned to the hotel with a paper for Welch. The colonel wrote that he would be in town at 3 o'clock that afternoon and would bring his money with him.

"Now, we want to keep this game quiet for once,' said Squire Boggs, the president of the club, for no good can come from so much talk. Besides, this club is getting too much notorley of late.'

The Game Opens.

in the draw, and finally won, but not until Pete had done some heavy betting. After that the colonel played ahead and the local sports thought Pete easy. Pete couldn't draw. When he opened a pot the colonel would win it, and the game was too much one way to be interesting. Pete erossed his bridge at last, however, and the cards went to rolling his way. He got finer hands than did the colonel's pile of gold gradually grow less. One package was emptied and another was brought from the old-fashioned locker in the club. After that the betting got herce. The game appeared perfectly square for Welch could not have turned a bad trick had he wanted, for too many eyes were watching the deck. Colonel Wallace took all kinds of wild chances. 'Another drink will help me, he would say as he lost, though he did not allow his head to get clogged. When his last stack of chips crossed the table he shoved back his chair and said his pile was gone. It was getting late on at night then, but the gamblers didn't notice that. "Welch, you've got even thirty thousand there if you will count it. I brought that much with me and I may have been foolish. I believe if I had more I could get it all from you in half a dozen hands. "Til gladly give you that chance, colonel. Perhaps some of your friends here can accommodate you?"

Nohody spoke. The colonel rattled on the table. "Welch, he said, when the silence got oppressive. I have no more ready cash, but I have property that is as good as gold any day right here in this town. I never did it before but I will play you twenty-four of my best slaves against \$50,60. The negroes are worth fally that amount, as these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the state, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?"

The Stakes Put Up.

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are

Wallace's sporting blood was up and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish lets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and had shuffling on the previous hands had left considerable money in the pot. Welch was ahead on the winnings. The colonel looked at his cards and opened the pot for \$1,000. Welch stretched his eyes and then looked at his cards and opened the pot for \$1,000. Welch stretched his eyes and then looked at his hand. He raised it \$1,000. Without raising his head the colonel raised back \$2,000 and Welch saw it. He went \$1,000 better and the colonel stopped raising. "He saw the finish coming. The players were less excited than any of the other men in the room. Pete took the cards and asked the colonel:

"How many?"

"Two cards, he said.

"None here" put in the dealer.

"The colonel took his two cards and looked at them quickly. Then he stuck them behind the others. I'll start this on \$2,000, he said, welch looked at his hand again, and took the het. He went \$2,000 more. The colonel raised another, and the colonel raised still mother \$2,000.

"Well. I've just got \$10,000 here you can have if you can get it, said Welch, and the colonel raised still mother \$2,000." he said, and I think you've got me, even if it is a bad thing to say.

"With that Wallace tossed the cards on the table and Welch took the pot. It was a clean case of biuff on Pete's part, as the cards subsequently showed. The colonel had held up a pair of facks, his openers, and an nee. On the draw he caught an nee and a seven of diamonis. Welch had only a pair of facks, his openers, and an nee. On the draw he caught an nee and a seven of diamonis. Welch had only a pair of facks his nerve at the wrong moment. When the game ended the colonel in dealer.

Exemple Cleviand Plain Bealer.

A Sunday Policy.

From the Cieveland Plain Besler.
"I say, Schneider, what do you think of the open door policy?"
"It's good enough for me."
"What's good enough for you?"
"Keeping der side door open on Sundays."

ESCAPED THE FLAMES.

St. Agnes' Church, New York, Burned. but the Saint's Statue Was Unharmed.

The interior of St. Agnes' Roman Catholic church in East Forty-third street, ne-tween Third and Lexington avenues, New York, was burned out and the building almost entirely consumed by fire Sunday

Yet all the statues and paintings of the Yet all the statues and paintings of the saint for whom the church was named, as well as the relies of the saint enshrined there, escaped the disastrous effects of the flames, smoke and water.

While the lire was raging the janitor suddenly remembered the raises of St. Agnes, kept in a little shrine above the statue of the saint on the left side of the main altar. He made two desperate efforts to

desperate efforts to obtain them, but was beaten back by smoke and fire. the third attempt he succeeded in reaching them, with the aid of a fireman, slightly burning his left hand in the effort. The stained glass windows were stroyed, either fire or the h streams of water rected from the side. The large dow at the front

of St. Agnes, netouched by fire, smoke or water. As in the ancient time, the flames lit about her, swerved aside, and would not touch her, so now she escapes unscribed. Not only were the relies of the saint saved and the window which pictured her martyridom uninjured but the white maroled statestie of St. Agnes which stood beside the shrine, also came through the fire without damage.

The greatest anxiety in the minds of Dr. Brann, the pastor, and his three assistants was as to the fate of the three marble altars, the two similer ones, on each side of the main nitar of St. Agnes, having been erected by James F. Boyle, the sexton of the church. That dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the western side, escaped serious injury, but the altar of St. Joseph, on the east, and directly in the path of the fire as it swept up from the basement, was damaged. The statue of the saint was destroyed, the head being broken off by failing timbers. A bainting and an altar to the sacred heart of Jesus on the eastern side of the church were ruined.

The main altar of St. Agnes, which was blackened and scorched about the base, is of Carrara marble and Pedrara onyx. It was carved in Italy, and was set up in the church by Dr. Brann in October 1996, Above this altar is a painting 1989 feet in size, representing "Our Lord in the Temple," painted to order in Rome in 1856 by Arthur Peckwith. This picture, although damaged by smoke, escaped with little material injury, due to a large ranopy of iron and glass which hung above both the painting and the altar and which, although wrecked itself, preserved all beneath it.

Medal for Rear Admiral Schley.



these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the state, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?"

The Stakes Put Up.

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are worth that much, then fix your papers while I count this money. I never like to turn my back to a good thing."

"Everybody got up and took a drink on the strength of the new game. When the papers were arranged the players got a new deek of cards and there was not a word passed while the cards were being shuffled. The sky was to be the limit until the \$6.99 was reached. I saw at the start that the game would not last long. Walface's sporting blood was up and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and bad shuffling on the previous hands had left considerable average in the start that the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and bad shuffling on the previous hands had left considerable average in the start that the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and bad shuffling on the previous hands had left considerable average in the start that the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets. The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and bade the start that the same swift gait. He whole will be suspended from the United States coat-of-arms, through which a ribbon of orange and black will be passed the restricted in the start that the same swift gait. He would not last long.

A Clever Fellow. tion speech. The cost of the medal will be

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The other day a very business-like young man strede through the Christmas crowds that already througed a certain store, and made straight for the glove counter.

"Two dozen pairs, pleuse," he demanded, "What size," questioned the girl, "all the years."

same?"
Yes-any size. Give me good ones, too. You know-same old thing.
The girl needed, and set to work getting out the gloves.

"Shall I send them?" she asked.

"Yes, and the bill. Good-by for another year. Thank goodness, it's over with again," and he strode out with a happy

year. Thank goodness, it's over with again," and he strode out with a happy face.

"What is it?" questioned a woman standing near. "What under the sun does he get so many for, and all the same size? You seem to know him."

The girl laughed.

"Only in this way," she answered. "He comes in here every year like that, and buys just so many gloves. The first time, four years ago, he explained it all to me, four years ago, he explained it all to me, four years ago, he explained it all to me, four years ago, he of a strong that there was no gift a woman appreciated so throughly as a pair of gloves. So every year he comes here and ours half a dozen pairs for every one of those women. He gets them all the same size and color to save trouble, and relies on each woman to come here and get here changed to suit her. I don't know but it is a good plan, take it all around hour does saund funny doesn't lit?" and she smiled as she turned to the next evaluance.

But the one other man who heard the revelation gasped with wonder at the immensity of that young man's brain.

The tramp has been very impertinent and

The trains has been very imperitient and dictatorial until the hirse man unexpectedly made his appearance and inquired, "Are you lookin' for a scrap". His manner changed entirely and at once he answered, "Yes, sir, that's what I'm lookin' fur—a scrap o' cold tarkey er cold ham, er anything that happens to be handy."—Washington Star.

OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Texas Claims Him-His Name Is Isaac Brock: His Age, 110 Years.

In the valley of the Bosque river, eight miles from the town of Valley Mills, in Hosque county, Tex., and twenty-five miles northwest from Waco, lives the oldest man, perhaps, in the world. His name is Isaac Brock, and he is 110 years old.

Of his history, Mr. Brock says: "I was bern in Buncombe county, N. C., March I, 1788. I grew to manhood there and learned the blacksmith trade. I moved from North Carolina to Georgia and worked at the blacksmith trade. I moved from North Carolina to Georgia and worked at



ISAAC BROCK, 110 YEARS OLD.

anyhow?"
"No fairy story at all," replied the amateur sleuth blandly. "I was merely stating

asked a short, stout stranger, appearing studdenly at the door and vigorously putfing a cigarette, "because if you are I—"

"Certainly, sir, said the analyst, smiling. I think you will find the fright office disengaged at present."

"Well, I'll be hanged." said the friend.

A Strange Missive.

From the Cievelant Pain Dealer.

Here is a letter which was picked up in an out-of-the-way place and handed to the Tales of the Town man by the puzzled finder. It was evidently written by a foreigner with a limited command over the English vermacular, and a singular propensity for repeating. Here is the letter word for word:

"Kindly Miss. I will write to you a few lines and I will said that to you. I come to you at Christmas, so I have thaught I will let you soon know of it. You can if you please go your self to the West side to your please go your self to the West side to your house, at Christmas, the English cannot be at your house, at Christmas, write the young lady at West side a few lines to her so she shall come to your brouse at Christmas, You know me well. I will make with you all right than, but if please tell nobody not often, not your Brother and wife neither.

Before Bernhardt Was Famous.

Teams—the Monog faculty members there are two teams—the Snow hall and the Frazer hall, representing the scientists and the literary men. On the former team Dr. Willston, Marshall Barber, Clarence McClung, A. H. Clark and Dr. Naismith hold positions. Their opponents are A. G. Cannield, W. H. Carruth, E. M. Hop-kins, M. W. Sterling and Archie Hogg. On Tuesdays and Thursdays at \$p. m. these distinguished individuals by aside their dignity and their collars. An of section of the section of the literary men. On the former team Dr. Willston, Marshall Barber, Clarence And Clung, A. H. Clark and Dr. Willston, Marshall Barber, Clarence And Clung, A. H. Clark and Dr. Willston, Marshall Barber, Clarence And Clung, A. H. Clark and Dr. Willston, Marshall Barber, Clarence are two testing and their client had the literary men. On the fert

From the New Yest Heraid.

One of those indefatigable collectors of curiosities of all sorts who abound in Paris has lately uncarthed a focument connected with the cureer of Sarah Bernhardt, which is something like the old washing bill presented by Mma. Sams Gene to Napoleon I, in Saraious play. The paper is a receipt signed by the celebrat d actress on February 25 188, a knowledging that she had been paid the wrighted sum at 150 frames by the cushior of the olderon theater as four weeks solary for historie services in the left bank playhouse. The collector, says the Lemian Telegraph, found the receipt among a heate of old books and manuscript which he bought from a rappleker for a frame. He proposes to send the documentary curiosity to the Comedie Francalse, heping that it will be deemed of sufficent importance to warrant a place among the archives of that historic establishment. From the New York Herald.

Almost Incredible. From the New York Journal.



"And to think that I'm the champion tightrope walker!

BASKET BALL AT K. U.

NEW GAME IN GREAT PAYOR IN THE CLASSIC SHADES OF LAWRENCE.

How It Is Played-The Teams That Have Been Formed-The Faculty Enjoy the Game-Chancellor Snow & Crack Player.

LAWRENCE, KAS., Dec. 17.-(Special.) The basket ball "fever" has broken out in its most violent form among Kansas university people. Dr. Nalsmith, the new physical director, brought the germs with im, and that they were healthy specimens

is evidenced by their activity.

At first only a few of the students saw in basket ball the diversion. But the dis-case spread rapidly. Not only does each lass already possess its basket ball team, but the literary and the scientific men of the faculty are backing their "crack fives, Every evening the gymnasium is filled with a scrambling mass of humanity, and the spectators who can recognize a friend or equaintance in the melee must be gifted

with second sight.

Five men compose a team at basket ball.

The floor is divided into three parts. The ISAAC BROCK. 119 YEARS OLD.

ISAAC BROCK. 119 YEARS SHIP WAS center men of the playing teams occupy a space chalked off in the middle, and the other four dispose themselves in various graceful attitudes in the end sections. The

basket ball. Unlike most of our games it is not the development of some medieval sport. It was worked out on scientific "But how the dickens did you ascertain principles to meet a long felt want. Dr. "Flain as A. B. C. my boy. To be in Mismith was physical director of a Y. With, the adjustable mouthpiece of the instrument is pulsed down, as you see, to its "Plain as A. B. C. my boy. To be in with, the adjustable mouthplece of the instrument is pulled down, as you see, to its fullest extent, indicating clearly that the last user was very much undersized. Isn't that evident?"

"Ye-e-e-es, I guess so; but how about the rest?"

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"Ye-e-e-es, I guess so; but how about the rest." The colored spots and an equal number of small plets of tobacco ash. What do vou infer? Why, obviously, that the gentleman was smoking and laid down his cigarette each time he called. The piles of ash are still undisturbed, showing they were recently deposited, and they are small, ing were brief. My logical conclusion was that the phone he wanted happened to be busy, and I looked instinctively for a memorandum of its number, which most memorandum of its number, which most mem make under such circumstances. I found it as I anticipated, on top of the box, scrawled in penell, and recognized the number of the freight office. Such memoranda are almost always rubbed out by the sleeve of the next cistomers and as this one is still tresh and bright it is fair to presume it was made by the last man in the boath—otherwise the short chap with the eighterette. Moreover, a freight office phone is smelly busy at this hour, so the cleas interlock and sustain one another. Not so, my dear boy?

"On! I deduce the match incident from those fresh toothpicks on the floor. Where a man in a hurry searches for a match he invariably finds quantities of toothpicks. I would—

"Are yould—"Are you are invariable and a special strained that it should spread through the xis and to investigate and adopt the game and in the siort space of seven the among sports. The rules are not changed for the young women players, though doubtless the game is player with a bit more tenderness. Though at first sight the game appears to be a free for all scramble, it soon becomes evident that a number of scientific player are possible. Unfailing good judgment and good muscular control are the first requisites for a good player. The treatment of the ball is the subject of several rules. It can be tossed, rolled on the basket.

Teams in the University.

The Kansas university men are going to be gr

be given. Basket hall will be the chief feature of the exhibition. The old skatfeature of the exhibition. The old skat-ing rink on Kentucky street will probably be rented for the occasion. Dr. Naismith says he enjoys working with college men for better than with others. He believes there is no artificiality whatever about col-lege students. "If a man is a man they will respect him and his endeavors in their behalf," he says, "but they won't stand trifling a minute, When I find a young fellow who kirks on the referee's decisions. I just ask him to call fouls for a few mo-ments. After he has called a few and other men have kirked on his rillings, he never kirks again.

ments. After he has called a few and other men have kicked on his railings, he never kicks again.

Ir Nalsmith has much influence over the young men in his charge. In Mrs. Cora McCollom Smith he has an abic colleague. The revelation in feeling which a few years have brought about among the physical culture students is remarkable. When the training was first introduced about four years ago and the girls first denned their suits the presence of a man within a radius of three blocks wrought the most awful consternation. Now men pass back and forth through the girls classes and nething is thought of it. Before long the girls will try basket ball, too. Equal suffrage in athictles is one of the charms of Kansas university. Visitors to Lawrence must get a basket ball guide beforehand and learn the lingo, if they wish to be able to converse intelligently with university people, for that is the all absorbing topic of the day. It may not be a creat while indefing from appearances, before professors will be whisting students down in their rectations and calling "fool" when they make mistakes in their translations, so great is the influence of habit.

ADECIA ALICE HUMPHREY.

There is a boy now in an neademic grade

There is a boy tow in an academic grade at the "Foly" who will probably become either a lawyer or a newspaper, man. At the close of a lesson in grammar a few days since, the teacher was explaining the new work for the next day, a study of word forms in gender. Turning to this loot, he said: "Now what would you call the feminine of stag." Like a flash came the reply, "An afternoon tea."—Brooklyn Life.